

HANOVER, JUNE 28, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

Effects of the Lutheran Reformation.

CONTINUED.

THE reformation in the sixteenth century was a powerful check on the extreme and increasing superstition of the church. By superstition is understood an impetuous, misguided zeal; a blind and tenacious attachment to certain tenets and ceremonies of religion. It is a disposition to substitute the non for the real essentials of Divine service and worship. This evil affection, like all others, has its origin in the depravation of the heart. That a God exists, nature loudly declares; His perfections and man's duty, reason intimates, and revelation confirms. But the voice of reason and the feelings of the mind are frequently opposite. That men knowing "God glorify him not as God," is the language of inspiration, substantiated by the testimony of experience. But at once, to cast off all appearances of reverence and regard would be an act too desperate and enormous for one, whose conscience retains sensibility or life. To still the vibrations of this celestial monitor, they zealously maintain some circumstantialities of religion, and cry peace to their guilty souls. As a love for moral virtue diminishes a thirst for parade and domination strengthens; and thus clerical preferments are sought after from motives of avarice and ambition. A criminal esteem and veneration for dignitaries prevails; a disposition to cringe and obey is accounted sufficiently meritorious to receive heaven for its reward.—Thus a zeal and love for real virtue and its author, is transferred to unmeaning rites and unfaithful teachers. Thus an adulation of men is substituted for the worship of God. In this manner does superstition originate, and in this manner is it fostered. Its evils are numerous, and detrimental beyond conception. The mind which has natural enmity to truth, is shielded against the arrows of conviction, and quietly sinks in the embraces of spiritual death. These victims of superstition, though they be the evident dupes of error, fancy themselves the favorite children of wisdom, and the certain heirs of immortal treasures. If an attempt is made to shake the foundation on which their illusive hopes are grounded, they are immediately surcharged with malignant resentment. Their minds present no avenue for light, no receptacle for undisguised truth. Superstition lulls infatuated men in the bosom of false security, chants to them the sweet lullabies of slumber, stretches them on the downy pillows of dangerous ease, and glides them down the precipice of irretrievable ruin. Under the

papal hierarchy superstition arrived at a pitch of enormity, never equalled before. It had darkened the eyes of the understanding, palsied the nerve of conscience and cramped the powers of reason. Rome, the famous prostitute, who blasphemed God and enslaved men, was arrayed in gorgeous habiliments, encircled with dazzling splendor and deified by half the world. Luther, Calvin and other champions in the cause of humanity and truth, beheld clearly the state of mankind, grieved at their wretchedness, and nobly resolved to attempt their deliverance. They tore the veil that concealed the enormities of Rome, exhibited to frightful view that fascinating whore, whose lewdness had contaminated nations, and made her stand confest the child of infernal progenitors. The religion of nature and of God, they presented as the mild daughter of heaven, clothed in ornaments most pure, simple and engaging. The criminal venalities of priests, the shameful credulities of laymen and the exorbitant enthusiasm of fanatics, they delineated in colors of verity and made them to glare in their own native deformities. Although the brightness they diffused had not the intensity of noon day splendor, it is so far chased off the then present obscurity as to "fill the kingdom of the beast with terror and make his veterans gnaw their tongues for pain." The beginning was propitious, the illumination has since increased, the radiant orbs have been multiplied and a shower of light has fallen on that quarter of the globe. The engines of spiritual despotism are fast mouldering to ruin, and religion gaining freedom from the vile manacles of superstition, is making herself a residence on earth, ennobling the nature of man and transforming an habitation of violence to a paradise of joy.

An important consequence of the reformation, was the revival of letters and the advancement of sciences. Freed from the galling bondage of superstition, men dared to think and examine for themselves.—Their active powers were roused to the highest pitch of exertion, their minds were prepared for magnanimous enterprizes.—The investigation of truth and its publication to the world, demanded the aid of letters as an indispensable requisite. Thus literature became an object of estimation, being the vehicle of communicated knowledge and the avenue to undiscovered truth. The neglected volumes of ancient sages were unsealed and examined, the geniuses of Greece and Rome were regarded with admiration, and masters of rhetoric and the languages rose to distinguished eminence. Having sip't at the fountain of Minerva, having entered the threshold of her dwelling; their thirst became insatiable to revel in her waters, and their desires irresistible to penetrate

the recesses of her beautiful temple. Philosophers began to construe the laws of matter and develop the mysterious arcana of Nature. Metaphysicians commenced a successful enquiry respecting the powers of the soul, which by the exertions of succeeding attempters has furnished the world with an able system on the science of mind. Moral instructors elucidated the precepts of reason and revelation, demonstrated their consonance and systematized the duties of man and the doctrines of religion.

The reformation was eminently subservient to the promotion of liberty and civil rights. When the oppression of clerical authorities became insupportable and abhorrent, the tyranny of civil powers could neither shun the eye of vigilant observance nor escape the odium of injured humanity. While the sun of reason was emerging from a dismal obscurity, while the moral horizon was brightening with the beams of science and truth, the prerogatives of man could neither be unheeded nor tamely resigned. Hence a knowledge of politics must have been cultivated, the art of government improved, and the official conduct of rulers noticed with scrupulous attention. An amelioration of the political state of Europe, was evidently a matter of fact. England, Switzerland and Holland assumed the rights of nations, made stand against the encroachments of despotic power and opened a sacred asylum for the reception of freedom. This was a glorious era, this was the dawn of freedom's millennial day. The work of emancipation was propitiously begun, it has since prevailed, it is now in operation, it will finally triumph. That the end of government is the good of society and not the aggrandizement of rulers, has been promulgated to mankind; war with tyrants and the destruction of tyranny has been thundered to the world.

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FOR THE TABLET.

"Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast joint tenant of the shade!"

VARIOUS are the causes which lead the human mind to contemplate that happy period, when innocence and peace reigned undisturbed in this lower world. Ignorant of the cunning arts of deceit, which modern improvement has invented and unaught in the wilds of sophistry, man was left to the full enjoyment of liberty. Every day witnessed to his happiness, every object around him afforded delight, and not a gale passed but wafted to him the pleasures of peace, innocence and love. But mark the change. The blissful abodes of paradise have been bartered for the seats of sorrow, and the smiles of heaven, for the frowns of nature. Pride, the great disturber of our quiet, has found a residence in the human mind. Riches

honors and promotion are all made subservient to feed the flame of self-sufficiency, which was already too powerful for opposition. Actuated by this, there is no scheme too daring, no enterprise too bold, and no sacrifice of social happiness too great to be employed in obtaining the desired object. But with joy we look forward to the grand epoch when these jarring principles shall no more exist in society, when virtue, clothed in the pure robes of innocence, shall reign undisturbed, and religion wave the olive branch of peace over the distant nations of the earth.

For the TABLET.

HE, who in early life hath reaped in the choicest fields of happiness, and who hath, with credulity and disgrace confided in manhood, in the winter of existence finds all his ennui alleviated in the bosom of solitude. Here the delusive ken of apparent pleasure cannot seduce him from the paths of rectitude; unconscious, but of his God, he estranges his thoughts from society, and unlike the thoughtless libertine directs his happy way, far from the mazes of scepticism, to the unquestionable belief of a future, a happy repose. Contrasted with the state of society, solitude needs not the talents of ZIMMERMAN to secure its superior pleasures. Infringe on natural right, and you touch the tenderest chord, break that same chord, and life is but a burden. Ask the joyless slave, condemned to embrace the deleterious chain, if, sick of society, he would not wish in solitude to keep

"The noiseless tenor of his way."

Would not heartfelt joy suffuse his face, and, acquiescent, would he not, without a saddening impulse, wander in all labyrinths of perplexing cares, rather than fatten rapacity and avarice with the forced gleanings of his bondage. In fine, what state of society is without its alloy. If formed for the benefit of man, why is it not subservient to his pleasure? Why does not the returning sun add new joys to existence? Inquire of the christian philosopher, and he will but refer you to the frailties of nature. The man of retirement is not the useless tasteless being generally supposed; the soul-enlivening rays of science illumine with livelier rays the abodes of solitude, than the gay walks, that environ public life. Thus instead of considering things terrene, the votary of solitude contemplates Him who made them, and by whose fiat they still remain suspended in the ethereal climes. Here the very scenery of nature delights with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."—The winding rivulet, bubbling between its rocky strands, with the low whispers of the neighboring hillock, formed by the forest-wind, inspires a pleasing serenity and a sacred awe. The union of the twining ivy on his grotto forms a just con-

trast with the disunions of society, and the midnight owl informs that animals, as man, have learnt that solitude locks up every care in its retreat.

Hail, happy Votary! thy romantic glen, well suffices for the vain clusters of spoil, that decorate the gorgeous palace. There every care is hushed, and nought is heard to appal the heart or disgrace humanity; there sits liberty, reposing on the lap of virtue; there kneels devotion, on the altar of God. R. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

Brief account of Mrs. TOOLEY.

THE late Mr. Thomas Bradbury happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. Tooley, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was famous in her day for religion, and for the love she bore to Christ, and to all his servants and people. Her house and table were open to them all, being another Lydia in that respect. Mr. Timothy Rogers, who wrote the book on religious melancholy, and was himself many years under that distemper, happened to dine there the same day with Mr. Bradbury; and after dinner, he entertained Mrs. Tooley and him with some stories concerning his father, who was one of the ejected ministers in the year 1662, and the sufferings he underwent on account of his nonconformity. Mr. Rogers particularly related one anecdote, that he had often heard his father, with a good deal of pleasure, tell to himself and others, concerning a deliverance which he had from being sent to prison, after his *mittimus*, as they call it, was written out for that purpose.

He happened to live near the house of Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of the peace, who was a most violent hater and persecutor of the dissenters; one who laid out himself to distress them by all the means which the severe laws then in being put in his power, particularly by enforcing the law against conventicles. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. Rogers, and wanted above all things to have him in his power, and a fair opportunity, as he thought, offered itself to him. He heard that Mr. Rogers was to preach at a place some miles distant; and he hired two men to go as spies, who were to take the names of all the hearers they knew, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

The thing succeeded to his wish. They brought the names of several persons who were hearers on that occasion; and Sir Richard sent and warned such of them as he had a particular spite at, and Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Accordingly they all came with trembling hearts, expecting the worst; for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened

to come into the hall a little girl, a grandchild of Sir Richard's, about six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he, being naturally fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her; and she was fond of him. At last Sir Richard sent one of his servants to inform the company that one of the witnesses was fallen sick, and could not be present that day; and therefore warned them anew to come on another day, which he named to them.

Accordingly they came; and the crime, as the justice called it, was proved. He ordered their *mittimus* to be written, to send them to gaol. Mr. Rogers, before he came, expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats to give her; and he was not disappointed; for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than she was the day before. She was, it seems, a particular favourite of her grandfather's, and had got such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing. She was withal a child of a violent spirit, and could bear no contradiction, as she was indulged in every thing. Once, it seems, when she was contradicted in something, she ran a penknife into her arm, that had near cost her either her life or the loss of her arm. After which, Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, and eating the sweetmeats which he gave her, she looked wistfully on him, and said, "What are you here for, Sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends, whom you see here, to gaol." "To gaol!" says she; "why, what have you done?"—"Why, I did nothing but preached at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "But," says she, "my grandpapa shan't send you to gaol." "Aye but, my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our *mittimus* to send us all there."

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said her grandfather, "get you about your business."—"But I won't," says she, "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed." When he saw the girl was resolute and peremptory, it shook him, and overcame even the wicked design he had formed to persecute the servants of the Lord. He slept into the hall, with the *mittimus* in his hand, and said, "I had here made out your *mittimus* to send you all to gaol, as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I fall from the prosecution, and set you all at liberty."

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They all bowed, and thanked his worship. But Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "God bless you, my dear child; may the blessing of that God whose cause you now did plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity." And then he and his friends went away.

Mrs. Tooley listened with uncommon attention to the story; and looking on Mr. Rogers, said, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" "Yes, Madam," answered he, "I am." "Well," says she, "for as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something you never knew before: I am the very girl your dear father blessed in the manner you now related it. It made an impression on me I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found they had a superadded tie of love and affection to each other beyond what they had before. And then he and Mr. Bradbury were desirous to know how she, who had been bred up with an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, made now such a figure among them, and was so eminent for religion.

She complied with their request, and very freely told them her story. She said that after her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress of his great estate; and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she run after all the fashionable diversions of the time in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time she confessed, that at the end of them all, she found a dissatisfaction both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless round over and over again; but all in vain.

She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to Bath, as hearing that that was a place for pleasure as well as for health. When she came there, she was led in providence to consult an apothecary, who happened to be a very worthy religious man. He inquired what she ailed. "Why," says she, "Doctor, I don't ail much as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, that I can't get rid of." "Truly," says he "Miss, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I can hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be," said he, "Miss, I don't wonder at it. But this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, I never tire of reading it; but can begin to read it again as if never before. And I always see something new in it." "Pray," says she, "Doctor, what book is that?" "Nay,

Miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell to every one." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," says he, "Miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it." "Pray get it me then, Doctor, and I'll give you any thing you please." "Yes," says he, "if you will promise one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading."

She promised faithfully she would; and after raising her curiosity, by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it, she said, "Poh (with a flirt) I could get that at any time." "Why, Miss, so you might," replied the Doctor; "but remember I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully." "Well," says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading."

Accordingly she began to read it; and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it she had a deep concern in; and if she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now; she did not know what to do with herself. So she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She was lodged at the court end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening she dreamed that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of, when she awaked, save the text; but the dream made such an impression on her mind, that the idea she had of the place, and the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's day morning; and, after breakfast, said, she was resolved to go in quest of the place, if she should go from one end of London to the other.

Accordingly they set out, and went into this and the other church, as they passed along; but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; and they went into an eating house and had a bit of dinner; and set out again in search of this place.

About half an hour after two they were in Poultry, and she saw a great many people going down the Old Jewry; and she determined she would see where they were going. She mixed herself among them, and they carried her to the Old Jewry. So soon as she entered the door of it, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not stood long till Mr. Shower, who was then minister of the place, went u-

to the pulpit; and so soon as she looked on him, with greater surprise still, she said, "this is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it hold true, he will take that for his text, Psal. cxvi. 7. *Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that for his text; and there God met with her soul in a saving way and manner; and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain else where, rest to her soul in Him, who is the life and happiness of souls.

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ANECDOTE.

Let him that readeth, understand.

A Gentleman of great respectability and elegant accomplishments lately resided in the town of Boston. He was regarded as a sample of polite manners and a correct taste. On a certain occasion, he made a false step and nearly fell to the floor as he was entering a genteel assembly. Immediately there was an agitation thro' the room. Several grins were apparent; gentlemen pulled out their pocket-handkerchiefs and ladies covered their faces with their fans. Our hero was touched with indignant emotion. He stood, he looked, he spoke. "I have been in England; I have travelled in France; I have made the tower of Europe; I once resided in Paris, that school of politeness; that mistress of the fashionable and refined world. I was honoured with an invitation to attend at a royal levee. The king was present, the queen, the whole royal family. There were many of the nobles of France, the ministers of foreign courts and other gentlemen of first character. It was the most polished and splendid circle with which I was ever conversant. A nobleman, passing from his seat to the king, fell down before the whole company. He fell down; and there was not a smile.

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§3 An unfavorable concurrence of circumstances rendered a slight examination of the proof-sheet of this number unavoidable. The Editor would make some corrections by the following

ERRATA.

In page 1, 1st col. 16th line from the bottom, for 'spiritual' read spiritual. In 1st l. from bot. of same p. and col. for 'irretrievable' read irretrievable. 2d col. 1st l. for 'hierarchy' read hierarchy—17 l. for 'fascinating' read fascinating—28 l. from the bot. for 'manacles' read manacles. 5 l. for 'sift' read sipped. 3d col. 39th line from the bot. for 'gouvernement' read government—32d line for 'asylum' read asylum—12 l. for 'untaught' read untaught.

Several other mistakes, especially in punctuation, the candid reader will observe, and from them withhold the severity of criticism.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOREN will gratify us by continuing his ingenious contributions for the files of this paper.

For the TABLET.

THE RURAL WALK.

THE month was May, the day serene,
Nature was dress'd in gayest green;
Tom ask'd Janette to walk the fields,
And taste the sweets that season yields.

A smile of more than human kind,
At first betrayed her willing mind,
These accents then, so sweet as *mel*,
So smooth as oil her lips distil,
"Sir, if you please." *It pleased him well;*

So "hand in hand" they slowly walk'd,
Sometimes they sang, sometimes they talk'd,
At length they reach'd a lulling rill,
Whose banks were lin'd with daffodil,
Jane sat, and heard the Philomel.

But Tom must rove th' adjoining bower,
Selecting here and there a flower,
And when his choice he'd fully made,
Of every hue and pleasing shade,
In Janette's lap the wreath was laid.

A glance at first and then a smile,
The wages of his pleasing toil,
On him she cast; his heart did move,
To 'vert the dart he fondly strove,
But all in vain; he could but love.

With artful hand the maid entwines,
A circling wreath of strawberry vines,
Thick set with flowers of brightest hue
Narcissus white, and violets blue
And amaranthines not a few.

This well-wrought garland, circling round,
Her maiden temples softly bound,
Then homeward quick they took their way
For now they'd made so long a stay,
That Sol's last rays were closing day. S. S.

THE VAGRANT.

VIEW, ye sons of ease and fortune,
While you glitter on the road,
Yonder Vagrant low reclining,
Sunk beneath affliction's load.

Even the tree in friendly whisper
Bids him sleep in calm repose;—
Even the tender birds in pity
Softly sing to lull his woes.

By your sounding wheels awaken'd,
Round he sadly looks and sighs;
Still a soul, that strives with sorrow,
Glimmers through his hollow eyes.

Stay, ye strangers to affliction,
Hear the darken'd deeds of fate!
Listen to this mournful story;
Learn what ills on life await.

In his artless, dire narration,
He this solemn truth may show;
Virtue, on this vale of wonders,
Often bears severest woe.

Open then your hearts to pity,
To her sweet behest incline;
Let the grief appeasing seraph
Ever plead with voice divine.

He may tell this tale of trouble:
"Hope and fancy once I knew;
Scenes, that glowing youth discovers,
Brightened in their ravish'd view.

"Death, in strong and sudden fury,
Me of parents, friends bereft.
In the world a homeless stranger
Early I alone was left.

"To the heights of fame and merit
Young ambition bade me steer;
But a servile doom, repressing,
Forc'd me in a loath'd career.

"Yet a while I seem'd to prosper;
Toil a little wealth had gain'd.
Then I saw my tender partner,
Then in love her hand obtain'd.

"Transient was this morn of pleasure;
Soon a darksome tempest blew.—
Fire took all.—My only darling
Perish'd in my blighted view.

"Long remain'd the loss repairless;
Sadest gloom the world array'd.
Time, at length, and hard employment
Brighter scenes again display'd.

"Heaven, our lot to us appointing,
Hatred for our pain assigns.
Choose we then a night of sorrow,
While a day of comfort shines?

"Thus I lov'd again, and wedded.—
Anguish seiz'd the joy I hop'd.—
She, with debts my prison opening,
With a faithless friend elop'd.

"Though neglect my needy infant
From the stings of life deceas'd.
I was, after long confinement,
From my dreadful cell releas'd.

"Then I fought in distant regions
What this land to me refus'd.
There in honest trade I flourish'd;—
Novel scenes my thought amus'd.

"Yet I lov'd my native country.
All my former griefs decay'd.
On my village oft remembrance
Fondly look'd and gaily play'd.

"All my treasure now embarking,
Hither I my course did bend;—
Here in tranquil ease and friendship
My remaining days to spend.

"While upon the ocean gliding,
Lawless foes the ship assail'd.
We fought bravely, but they triumph'd,
And our crew for slaves empal'd.

"After long and cruel bondage,
Freedom only I regain'd.
After many a wrecking tempest
I again this shore attain'd.—

"Who, to misery thus subjected,
Can a human friend retain?
Every former lov'd acquaintance
Views me with severe disdain.

"Cold and shelterless I wander
Through the bleak and dismal day;
Night bewildering, I sink under
Some kind hedge beside the way.

"But e'er long, my wandering ceases—
Woes will ne'er my life molest.
Cheering conscience looks to Heaven,
Where is mercy, joy and rest."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

HOW oft doth beauty lead to sin,
And tempt the heart to stray;
It charms awhile, then hides again,
And soon it fades away.

Not all the arts, and pains, and care
Of men can make it sure;
Nor can the fairest of the fair,
The transient bliss secure.

Sickness and pain may soon deface
The most admired charms;
Soon must they fade in death's embrace,
And lose their lovely charms.

How vain is beauty, then, my muse!
Unworthy of my lays,
Turn, and a nobler subject choose,
Let virtue have thy praise.

How wise is the whose constant care
Pursues the heavenly road;
She shall the ETERNAL's favor share,
And every real good.

She ever shuns the snares of vice;
How circumspect her ways!
Wife in simplicity she is;
Unfought her general praise.

If she is call'd to mingle souls,
How cautious is her choice!
No vain pretence her love controuls,
She scorns the flatterer's voice.

United, see, illustrious shines,
The tender, prudent wife,
Humility her soul refines,
Grace governs all her life.

What undissembled love she bears,
To him who has her hand,
How does she soften all her cares,
And all his woes attend?

Is she a friend? How kind and true!
Her charity how pure!
Her friendship is not like the dew,
That passes in an hour.

She shall be prais'd when beauty fails,
And years, and age increase;
She shall be blest, while grace prevails,
And end her days in peace.

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